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## LITERARY.

### PLEASANT AND UNPLEASANT PEOPLE.

Are there balances here to weigh the flesh?  
*Merchant of Venice.*

I have no desire to jostle people out of their good self-opinion, or the good opinion of others, but to ascertain their real worth, to separate their vices from their virtues, and to have a little more equal dealing in our ordinary judgment of men. Steele, I think, in the Tattler, has in his brief way given an able judgment on this very subject; and Mr. Hazlitt, some years since, wrote an Essay expressly on it. Possibly little more was wanting; but two blows are always better than one; and as in a question of morality, or any other, where men's interests do not compel them to act or decide, twenty are often insufficient, the second, though infinitely weaker, may have some consequence.

By a pleasant fellow, I mean a man universally accounted so; for in certain moods of the mind, and in particular societies, we all answer the description;—where opinions are all in agreement—where a mild speculation is kept in decent countenance, or one common-place seconded by another—where our prejudices are humoured, our likes and dislikes nursed and cherished,—where men clap hands to the same song, and join in the same chorus,—there is a nest of pleasant fellows, though they may be wise men or madmen, honest men or knaves.

But the pleasant fellow I mean is equally a pleasant fellow in all companies, and on all occasions; has a spare bed in every other man's house, a knife and fork at their table, a good welcome, go when and where he will, and a good word after he is gone.

There are many shades and distinctions in this class, as in all others, but these are the distinguishing features of them. Some give you a most fearful shake of the hand on meeting, and hold you by it with a sort of tremulous enjoyment, as if loth to part so soon; have a boyish joyousness about them, that puts you constantly off your guard, and are delighted to see a friend any where, but at their own house or in jail, and therefore never subject their feelings to the latter unpleasantness. Another variety are only pleasant, on fresh acquaintance, or where it serves their purpose; but this last is a contemptible, mongrel breed.

A really pleasant fellow is neither a hateful, nor a contemptible one; but is

generally a very unpretending person, full of an easy sympathy, active, zealous in a degree, with a quiet self-enjoyment, an enlarged humanity that includes all mankind, and womankind too, for it knows neither distinction nor preference; taking all things pleasantly that concern him not individually, and thereby making all things pleasant; even sacrificing personal considerations, and always personal consequence and self-respect, in trifles, to the enjoyment of others; setting up no system, nor pulling down any; having no theories, no dreams, no visions, no opinions that he holds worth wrangling or disputing about; and, indeed, few opinions at all. He has always a dash more of the animal than of the intellectual about him; and is too mercenary-minded to be easily fixed, or fixed upon. He lives only in the present; for the past is immediately forgotten, because it has no farther consequence and the future is a blank, because it has no perceptible influence. As he can be delighted with a straw, so is he depressed with its shadow; prick him and he will bleed; tickle him and he will laugh; poison him and he will die; for he has none of the fervency of imagination to carry him out of himself or beyond immediate circumstances. He is fitted neither for the goodly fellowship of the prophets, nor for the noble army of martyrs. If prophets or martyrs have ever been pleasant fellows, as some are reported, it was that from the vast height whence they looked down on the common and ordinary passion and turmoil of the world it seemed too puny and insignificant to interest or excite them. Who that is intent on an immortal life, and holds communion, even in thought, with those beatified spirits that

Immoved,  
Unshaken, unseduced, unterrified,  
And for the testimony of truth have borne  
Universal reproach—  
Though worlds  
Judged them perverse—

that looks on life as a needle's point in the vast eternity of time, can have much regard for its polish, or sympathy with our childish excitement?

Pleasant people are never "back-bone" men; they are never heart and hand with you. Their acquaintances are usually of long standing, because quarrelling is not "their cue;" but separate them by any circumstance, and they are indifferent to it. Their hand is not against, neither is it for any man. It is not found in the sheriff's books,—this bond hath it not! They do good, I admit, well measured and doled

out; but in this they have the advantage of the world, both in opinion and return.

Laying aside, for the present, whatever may personally affect either, for then it is often the reverse of true, I should say, that pleasant and unpleasant people differ most in this, that the one is without imagination, and looks to the naked reality; the other, with imagination "aggravates" either joy or sorrow.

Unpleasant people have the larger sympathy and more universal humanity. This, it may be said, is contradictory, and opposed to what I have before observed of pleasant people. But if it be a contradiction, it is in human nature; and, to use an apology of Fielding's, "I am not writing a system, but a history, and am not obliged to reconcile every matter." But I think it is not a contradiction. The pleasant man sympathizes with the world in its ordinary and every day feelings; the man of more questionable temper is only roused by extraordinary circumstances.—But he is then awakened to some purpose. He makes common cause with you, in sorrow or suffering; he will needs bear his share of your burthen; for if a portion will be oppressive to him, he sees you sinking under the whole. The pleasant fellow, on the contrary, measures his own shoulders and not your load; he will not lend a hand, and give the groan to your "three men beetle" labour; he is content that you should sit down and rest, but has no fancy to "bear the logs the while."

The great majority of these pleasant fellows are indebted to their negative rather than their positive qualities; they have no deep feeling, no engrossing sympathy, no universal fellowship; the establishment of the Holy Alliance, and the Abolition of the Inquisition, were the same to them; "let the gall'd jade wince, their withers are unwrung," "let the world go whistle," they have their toast and coffee. I would wager my existence that the man mentioned by Clarendon, as out hunting in the neighbourhood of Edge-hill on the very morning of the fight, was one of them.

The two subjects on which men feel most intensely, politics and religion, are shut out from the conversation of a pleasant fellow; for there is no sure common-place that will suit all sects and parties on either subject; and to hazard an opinion is to speculate with his character, and put his amiability in jeopardy. Yet, these men are the soul of mixed company, because their souls are in it; and there is no unpleasant shadow either of memory or anticipation to overcast their jollity.

Pleasant and unpleasant men are alike the sport of fortune and circumstance; equally subject "to every skiey influence," but not in an equal degree. The personal suffering of the one has no foil from the greater sufferings of thousands; the other has a measure and proportion, and considers it in relation to what might be or has been; it is a touch that awakens his humanity:—a pebble does not bruise because it has fallen on him; he remembers the stoning of Stephen;—a twinge of the rheumatism is borne as one of those natural ills "that flesh is heir to," and rouses him only as he remembers the infliction of the torture and the rack, that so many human beings have been subjected to in all ages for opinion, whether of belief or unbelief. The prick of a pin is painful to one as it affects himself; there is more sorrowing at it than at the Battle of Waterloo; to the other it is the prick of a pin.

Pleasant fellows are indifferent, cold, heartless, unintellectual people; there is no engrossing passion, no oppressive thought, no prejudice, and therefore, possibly no partiality or strong friendship; for friendship is but a partiality, founded on something real, which it tricks up into something unreal. We are none of us what our friends fondly believe.

In our estimate of unpleasant people, we all give weight enough to their disagreeable and palpable defects, but are not so ready to make the just deductions from a pleasant fellow, because his are neither so obtrusive, nor so likely to affect ourselves. There would be more equality in our commendation or dispraise, and consequently more justice in the decision, if we balanced the general virtues of the one against his palpable faults, and the indifference and moral insignificance of the other against his pleasant virtues. It is in this spirit that the selfish hardness and callosity with which pleasant people shake off care and sorrow, and are made insensible to any deep or lasting passion, is mistaken so often for elasticity of spirit.

I think the Dean, in Mrs. Inchbald's *Nature and Art*, had a little of the pleasant fellow about him; and the following description will serve to show the character under other circumstances, and in more important situations, than we have yet considered it.

"If the dean had loved his wife but moderately, seeing all her faults clearly as he did, he must frequently have quarrelled with her; if he had loved her with tenderness, he must have treated her with a degree of violence, in the hope of amending her failings; but having neither personal nor mental affection towards her, sufficiently interesting to give himself the trouble to contradict her will in any thing, he passed for one of the best husbands in the world."

This is the pleasant Benedict!

It is some proof with me, of the justice of these distinctions, that men's characters are essentially different in their different relations; and even where they are most anxious to be pleasant, they are rarely successful. Few of us have found our fathers pleasant fellows, although many of them, of course, were superlatively so to other people; and I hope our sons will object the same thing to us. The interest we have in our children is too great, the stake is too large to be spited with; our hopes and fears are perpetually outrunning the occasion; we are the sport of possibilities, and cannot enjoy the real present, from some glimpse of an unreal future; we question how far the chuck-farthings and marbles lead to the gaming-table, and our shins ache at foot-ball before the boys are kicked. All this makes strange havoc with our temper—frets and irritates us—whereas, equality and indifference are the sure footing of a pleasant fellow. A man is little fitted, with a thousand such speculations on his mind, to take all things smoothly, and to be himself the centre of sociality.

The turn of thought here might serve, if the occasion were fitting, to hazard a word or two on domestic education. This in brief. It is not enough that a father does on occasion "turn his solemnity out of doors;" he must keep it there. Besides, fathers are not only too "solemn," but too much with their children, and too full of thought and anxiety; they are eternally thinking for them, whereas children must think for themselves. They love to feel their own independence. If a father decide for home education, it should be where there is room enough for the boy to lose himself, or rather to lose his father; where he may get out of the reach of thought, of care, and consequently of danger, for he knows of none that is not pointed out to him. In my opinion, a father has not to try his knowledge, but his nerves, before he undertakes the education of his son; and if he can see him stagger along a parapet, swing on the rotten branch of a tree, plunge into the water "reeking hot" in dog days, in fact, hazard limbs and life itself without a word or a hint of caution, he is not only fitted to be pedagogue in his own family, but has many requisites to make a pleasant fellow, there or any where else.

But this little digression has broken in upon my sketch, which I shall now leave to be filled up by the reader's imagination. Mr. Hazlitt's character is, I think, of a good natured man. How far they have points in agreement I know not, not having read his *Essay* since its first publication; but good nature has reference in my view to a deeper feeling, and even to some positive virtue, which, though it may be found in, is not at all essential to, the character of a pleasant fellow. Yet even good nature itself is too profitable a virtue; it is a venture that hath most usurious return:

it is not, nor is it any thing like *goodness of nature*, which "I take" says Lord Bacon, "to be the affecting of the *Weal of men*, what the Grecians called *philanthropia*;" goodness of nature is, in fact, so far different from good nature, that it is the very nature that sometimes spoils a man's temper:—"that affection for the weal of men" will throw a gloom over the mind, and dash a whole afternoon's pleasantness.

#### DREAM-CHILDREN; A REVERIE.

[BY THE HON. CHARLES LAMB]

Children love to listen to stories about their elders, when *they* were children; to stretch their imagination to the conception of a traditionary great-uncle, or a granddame, whom they never saw. It was in this spirit that my little ones crept about me the other evening to hear about their great-grandmother Field, who lived in a great house in Norfolk (a hundred times bigger than that in which they and Papa lived) which had been the scene—so at least it was generally believed in that part of the country—of the tragic incidents which they had lately become familiar with from the ballad of the Children in the Wood. Certain it is that the whole story of the children and their cruel uncle was to be seen fairly carved out in wood upon the chimney-piece of the great hall, the whole story down to the Robin Redbreast, till a foolish rich person pulled it down to set up a marble one of modern invention in its stead, with no story upon it. Here Alice put out one of her dear mother's looks, too tender to be called upbraiding. Then I went on to say, how religious and how good their great-grandmother Field was, how beloved and respected by every body, though she was not indeed the mistress of this great house, but had only the charge of it (and yet in some respects she might be said to be the mistress of it too) committed to her by the owner, who preferred living in a newer and more fashionable mansion which he had purchased somewhere in the adjoining county; but still she lived in it in a manner as if it had been her own, and kept up the dignity of the great house in a sort while she lived, which afterwards came to decay, and was nearly pulled down, and all its old ornaments stripped and carried away to the owner's other house, where they were set up and looked as awkward as if some one were to carry away the old tombs they had seen lately at the Abbey, and stick them up in Lady C's. tawdry gilt drawing-room. Here John smiled, as much as to say "that would be foolish indeed." And then I told how, when she came to die, her funeral was attended by a concourse of all the poor, and some of the gentry too, of the neighbourhood for many many miles round, to show their respect for her memory, because she had been such a good and religious woman; so good indeed that she



knew all the Psalter by heart, aye, and a great part of the Testament besides.—Here little Alice spread her hands. Then I told what a tall, upright, graceful person their great-grandmother Field once was; and how in her youth she was esteemed the best dancer—here Alice's little right foot played an involuntary movement, till, upon my looking grave, it desisted—the best dancer, I was saying, in the country, till a cruel disease, called a cancer, came, and bowed her down with pain; but it could never bend her good spirits, or make them stoop, but they were still upright, because she was so good and religious. Then I told how she was used to sleep by herself in a lone chamber of the great lone house; and how she believed that an apparition of two infants was to be seen at midnight gliding up and down the great staircase near where she slept, but she said “those innocents would do her no harm;” and how frightened I used to be, though in those days I had my maid to sleep with me, because I was never half so good or religious as she—and yet I never saw the infants. Here John expanded all his eyebrows, and tried to look courageous.—Then I told how good she was to all her grand-children, having us to the great house in the holidays, where I in particular used to spend my hours by myself, in gazing upon the old busts of the Twelve Cæsars, that had been Emperors of Rome, till the old marble heads would seem to live again, or I to be turned into marble with them; how I never could be tired with roaming about that huge mansion, with its vast empty rooms, with their worn-out hangings, fluttering tapestry, and carved oaken pannels, with the gilding almost rubbed out—sometimes in the spacious old-fashioned gardens, which I had almost to myself unless when now and then a solitary gardening man would cross me—and how the nectarines and peaches hung upon the walls, without my ever offering to pluck them, because they were forbidden fruit, unless now and then,—and because I had more pleasure in strolling about among the old melancholy-looking yew trees, or the firs, and picking up the red berries, and the fir apples, which were good for nothing but to look at—or in lying about upon the fresh grass, with all the fine garden smells around me—or basking in the orangery, till I could almost fancy myself ripening too along with the oranges and the limes in that grateful warmth—or in watching the dace that darted to and fro in the fish pond, at the bottom of the garden, with here and there a great sulky pike hanging midway down the water in silent state, as if it mocked at their impertinent friskings,—I had more pleasure in these busy-idle diversions, than in all the sweet flavours of peaches, nectarines, oranges, and such like common baits of children. Here John slyly deposited back upon the plate a bunch of grapes, which,

not unobserved by Alice, he had meditated dividing with her, and both seemed willing to relinquish them for the present as irrelevant. Then in somewhat a more heightened tone, I told how, though their great-grandmother Field loved all her grand-children, yet in an especial manner she might be said to love their uncle, John L.—, because he was so handsome and spirited a youth, and a king to the rest of us; and, instead of moping about in solitary corners, like some of us, he would mount the most mettlesome horse he could get, when but an imp no bigger than themselves, and make it carry him half over the country in a morning, and join the hunters when there were any out—and yet he loved the old great house and gardens too, but had too much spirit to be always pent up within their boundaries—and how their uncle grew up to man's estate as brave as he was handsome, to the admiration of every body, but of their great-grandmother Field most especially; and how he used to carry me upon his back when I was a lame-footed boy—for he was a good bit older than me—many a mile when I could not walk for pain;—and how in after life he became lame-footed too, and I did not always (I fear) made allowances enough for him when he was impatient, and in pain, nor remember sufficiently how considerate he had been to me when I was lame-footed; and how when he died, though he had not been dead an hour, it seemed as if he had died a great while ago, such a distance there is betwixt life and death; and how I bore his death as I thought pretty well at first, but afterwards it haunted and haunted me, and though I did not cry or take it to heart as some do, and as I think he would have done if I had died, yet I missed him all day long, and knew not till then how much I had loved him. I missed his kindness, and I missed his crossness, and wished him to be alive again, to be quarrelling with him (for we quarrelled sometimes,) rather than not have him again, and was as uneasy without him, as he their poor uncle must have been when the doctor took off his limb. Here the children fell a crying, and asked if their little mourning which they had on was not for uncle John, and they looked up, and prayed me not to go on about their uncle, but to tell them some stories about their pretty dead mother. Then I told how for seven long years, in hope sometimes, sometimes in despair, yet persisting ever, I courted the fair Alice W—n; and, as much as children could understand, I explained to them what coyness, and difficulty, and denial meant in maidens—when suddenly, turning to Alice, the soul of the first Alice looked out at her eyes with such a reality of re-presentment, that I became in doubt which of them stood there before me, or whose that bright hair was,—and while I stood gazing, both the children gradually grew fainter to my

view, receding, and still receding, till nothing at last but two mournful features were seen in the uttermost distance, which, without speech, strangely impressed upon me the effects of speech: “We are not of Alice, nor of thee, nor are we children at all. The children of Alice call Bartrum father. We are nothing; less than nothing, and dreams. We are only what might have been, and must wait upon the tedious shores of Lethe millions of ages before we have existence and a name”—and immediately awaking, I found myself quietly seated in my bachelor armchair, where I had fallen asleep, with the faithful Bridget unchanged by my side—but John L. (or James Elia) was gone for ever.

ELIA.

## GERMAN LITERATURE.

### THE SORCERERS,

A LEGEND.

(Continued.)

Antonia's guardian angel appeared now to have taken his final leave of her. She loved and valued nothing but herself. She gave herself up to the violence of her passions, without restraint; and the high wages she paid her waiting maids, together with frequent presents, indemnified them only, in some measure, for the overbearing ill-treatment they were obliged almost daily to put up with. Upon one or two of these occasions, when their tears and complaints appeared to have re-kindled some feeling of compassion in Antonia's breast, Marie said to her in French: “Oh, such creatures neither feel nor understand such sentiments! throw them only a piece of money, now and then, and their pain is immediately paid for.”—By this and other means, Antonia conceived an opinion that money did every thing. She saw gambling continually going on in her father's house, and observed that many of the visitors made money by it. She now made a trial herself; fortune was favourable to her. This encouraged her to go on; and thus arose the passion for gambling, which now became a daily necessity. At first without disguise, she betrayed her feelings whenever she either won or lost; but Marie having warned her that this was not becoming a person of quality, she accustomed herself to conceal her passions, and, although she was inwardly consumed by rage whenever she lost, she gave the money over to the winner, with an affected smile.

Antonia was going on in this manner, when her mother was taken ill and died. On other mournful occasions, respect to propriety had put some bridle upon her passions; but now even the death of her mother was only dissolving a troublesome tie of parental influence; and her manifestation of grief was consequently nothing but hypocrisy. She availed herself, however, of this opportunity, to induce her fa-

ther, who was deeply affected, to further expense, and to give many an entertainment, under the plea that diversion was become indispensable. A diet that was held at Warsaw, furnished a pretext for a journey to that capital, and the Vayvod was the more willing to correspond with Antonia's wishes to take her with him, as he hoped he might probably meet with some wealthy young nobleman of the country to marry her to, and thus to mitigate, in some measure, the pain arising from the loss of his dear consort, by the happiness which a good son-in-law might afford him. Antonia, under the superintendence of Marie, was totally left to herself, and the weak father rejoiced when he saw Antonia's charms produce an impression far beyond his own expectation. She was the heroine of every fete, the theme of every poet's ode; and all the young men, who could at all approach her, or obtain the favour of her hand at a dance, considered themselves truly happy. Among the rest there were two, Count Ignatius Dembinski, who possessed vast estates, and Count Stanislaus Rogowski, the only heir to an immense property. Both of these young noblemen were superior to all their contemporaries in personal elegance, and refinement of education; and were consequently treated even in an indulgent manner, by many of the fair sex. These were the two young men who rivetted Antonia's attention. Not that she felt any inclination for one or the other, for she was only capable of loving herself; nor had she at all made up her mind, whether she would take either of them for her husband; the fame which the vain Antonia wished to carry on, with the hearts of her lovers, was, to chain them both to her triumphant chariot, to receive their homages and assurances of respect with apparent indifference; sometimes, to favour the one, and, when the other, in consequence thereof, modestly withdrew, to regain them over to her by some apparent testimony of favourable consideration. In this manner she maintained her influence over both, and even increased the crowd of her adorers. The most distinguished beauties were now deserted, on account of Antonia, who became an object of envy of all the fair, and gained the most bitter hatred of many of them.

A masked ball was given. Antonia entered in a magnificent turkish dress, and was not unperceived by the enquiring eyes of her lovers. As soon as she took off the mask "What a beautiful, what a divine girl!" was every where whispered about the room. Surrounded by her lovers, she cast a pleasing smile upon all around her. A fresh dance was led off, and the fine figure, displayed by a Spanish lady in the first couple, attracted universal attention. Nobody knew who she was; but no sooner had she taken off the mask, when she excited only one impression of pleasure and

astonishment throughout the whole assembly. She was the Countess Constance, who, in company with her mother, a very rich widow, had arrived in Warsaw a few days since from their estates in Volhynia. All eyes were now directed towards Constance, and Count Ignatius, who was at that moment engaged in a conversation with Antonia, became absent, broke off the discourse, and drew near the beautiful stranger. Antonia, in order to punish him, went in search of Count Stanislaus, and painful indeed was the sensation she experienced, when she saw him getting up to dance with Constance. In a few days Antonia saw herself unnoticed and deserted, and, what still more increased her anguish, she became the laugh and ridicule of every body. She tried another method to recapture her lovers, by appearing at the next masked ball that was given, in a Romish dress; and, availing herself of the license granted by a mask, she endeavoured to fix their attention in various ways. She observed Count Ignatius writing down a word in the hand of a lady who was standing next to her. She offered him her hand to do the same. He surveyed her with a penetrating look, and, smiling at her, wrote down the name of *Dido*. Antonia felt the severity of this allusion; and vengeance became, from that moment the predominant passion of her breast.

There was another of her talents, which she had not hitherto called into action: this was singing. She happened to meet her rival the following day at a fete. An instrument was in the room. She sat herself down to it. Only a few old gentlemen, however, paid her some attention, and begged of her to favour them with letting them hear her voice. She used her utmost efforts, and attracted general notice, which awakened another flattering hope in her breast. When she had quitted the instrument, Constance was conducted to it by Count Stanislaus: her play was admirable; her voice charmed every one. Antonia, felt herself far surpassed, and was hardly able to conceal her rage. Marie, into whose bosom she poured out all her griefs, shrugged up her shoulders. "If we were in Italy," said she, "I would soon take the trouble to find a quieting draught for Miss Constance, and a couple of stilettos for the faithless Counts; but here in cold Poland, I suppose, we must patiently bear all this ignominy."

Ezekiel now entered the room. He came from the estates, and brought the information, that Miss Agnes had obtained a very handsome and accomplished young gentleman, for her husband; and, upon being asked what other news he brought, he added, Gertrude, who had been in the service of her ladyship Antonia, was grown quite lame, and contracted together; that she cried out day and night, that she was bewitched by another girl, who had alienated from her the affections of her inten-

ded husband, and that some *white-people* were fixed upon her neck.\*

"How is that possible?" said Marie laughing.

"In the name of God," cried the Jew, "the ladies will not deny the existence of such a thing as sorcery! I could give you thousands of instances of both men and cattle tormented by it."

"Now," said Antonia, turning herself to Marie, "I wish Ezekiel may be in the right, and such a sorcerer were at my commands."

"What do you say, Ezekiel," asked Marie, "do you know of any?"

Ezekiel shook his head in a dubious manner.

"We must not," said he, "even mention it; for no sooner does a bishop, an officer, or even a monk hear of it, than the burning pile is immediately prepared. But that such things exist as witches, I will swear to be as true, as I am an honest Jew; and one half of Warsaw knows well enough, that more than one witch inhabits Praga."

The conversation was broken off, but the seed of the poisonous plant was now sown; and consequently Antonia, as soon as she found herself alone with Marie, renewed the discourse. Marie now told her a number of stories, of persons having taken revenge by means of witchcraft, and having affected marvellous things. "What is the most strange of all," added she, "there is nothing baneful in the whole doctrine of witchcraft, for it is nothing more than certain secret weeds, some plants and such things which have it in their power, to force the world of spirits, to act according to the pleasure of the person, who is in possession of this secret science." Antonia, with her head filled with these tales, went into another company, where she overheard it said, immediately as she entered, that the two young noblemen were of one opinion that Constance, was the first female dancer in all Warsaw. She was now in an ill humour, and determined she would not dance, but repair to the gambling table. Ill luck however, persecuted her even here; Count Stanislaus held the bank. She lost as often as she staked a card, and came off in his debt a considerable sum, which she promised to send him the day following. Shame prevented her discovering her situation to her father; and Ezekiel was applied to, to sell a great part of her jewels, the following morning. He could only dispose of them for a trifling sum. Count Ignatius was the purchaser. Antonia lost all

\* The Prussians of old believed in the assistance of little men, whom they called *Bastukai*, who sucked the blood of men. Hence appears to have arisen the popular superstition, which still prevails in Poland and Prussia, that there existed sorcerers, who fix certain bad creatures, whom they call *white-people*, (*biali cuder*) by couples both on men and cattle, or send them even into their bodies, whereby the bewitched became tortured in the most dreadful manner, and finally died.



command of herself, when she saw Constance adorned with them, the very same evening, and learnt that Count Ignatius was engaged to her. She now determined upon giving her hand to Stanislaus. She expected he would throw himself at her feet in repentance; but her adversaries knew how to play their cards; and the answer, which Count Stanislaus had given to one of his friends (who anticipated his union with Antonia) namely, that it was far from his intention to make his life unhappy, by a marriage with a proud fool, and determined gambler, soon reached the ears of Antonia.

Antonia burst into tears of rage, and flung her arms about Marie's neck. "Vengeance," cried she, gnashing her teeth, "vengeance upon these horrid men."

"How willingly, my dear child," said the crafty old French woman "would I take vengeance for thee," would that witchcraft were in my power." Thus the opinion that witchcraft alone could give consolation by affording the means of vengeance daily gained ground in Antonia's mind. A few days afterwards appeared a ludicrous caricature, in which Antonia was held up to the most bitter shafts of ridicule. Antonia now almost lost her senses; and Marie promised her, if it were possible, to find out the sorceress which Ezekiel had confidently spoken of as existing in Praga. Antonia, overcome by mortification, now feigned illness, to avoid going into any society. Marie went out daily, and returned three times in a sorrowful mood. Antonia's rage continually increased; whosoever came near her felt proofs of it. At length the fourth evening when Marie returned, Antonia thought she could read something consolatory in her countenance. Marie gave her to understand by a wink, that, when all the house were asleep, and they were both together in their own room, she would impart to her the wished for information; and she then signified to her that she had found what she had been in search of.

"There lives at Praga," said she, "a woman well known by the name of the doctress. She removes, in a few days all diseases, which physicians declare to be incurable." "The general opinion is, that she understands something more; but she does every thing with the greatest secrecy, I have finally however, so far prevailed upon her, as to unfold to me the nature of her connexion with the supernatural world."

"What is that?" said Antonia, "and will she be serviceable to our purposes?"

"Perhaps" rejoined Marie, "you will soon carry these purposes yourself into execution. Listen to what Zarowka has confided to me, under the seal of secrecy. Spirits are placed over our world, who partly act out of their own planets, partly upon the earth itself, each in the respective sphere allotted to it. The ancients called them deities. As they have a kind of cor-

poreal substance, and are subject to wants and passions, the fragrance of sacrifices, and proofs of reverence, are by no means unacceptable to them. Whoever is acquainted with the manner of acquiring a connexion with them, and gaining their favours, obtains, by his influence over the world of spirits, that indescribably wonderful power, of which I have already read to you in fairy tales."

"And of what avail is all this prattle to me?" cried Antonia in an angry voice.

"For the present it is of no avail," replied Marie, "but for the future it is every thing." For, "Zarowka declares that she will not expose herself to the risk of perishing on the burning pile, on account of services which she renders you, in any fit of piety and repentance, which you may please to take into your head." "But I have prevailed upon her, by my own entreaties, to make you privy to those secrets, which subject the whole supernatural world to your controul."

"What," said Antonia shuddering, "must I then become a witch?"

"Change this name," replied Marie, for that "of a good fairy, and every prejudice becomes removed. But I am weary from walking; I cannot keep my eyes open; therefore, good night, dear Antonia!"

Antonia combated violently with herself. Every thing that had been told her of witches and fairies, floated before her imagination; she lay in the height of a fever until morning dawned. She then fell into a gentle slumber; and during this, it appeared as if her protecting genius whispered in a dream to her soul. She saw herself upon a narrow tottering board, which conducted over a deep abyss. On one side thereof stood Damasus, as she had beheld him in the last days of his life, scarcely able to keep himself on his feet with his staff, reaching to her a cross with a trembling hand, accompanied with the words "Hold fast thereon." She was about to take hold of it, when Marie appeared on the other side of the abyss, holding a costly fillet in her hand, worked with gold and purple, and decorated with whimsical characters, one end of which she threw to her, and ordered her to hold fast by it. Antonia stretched her hand to the fillet; a dreadful clap of thunder followed; the board gave way under her feet, and she awoke.

"You are mistress," said Marie, as Antonia related this dream to her, "of a lively poetical imagination, but do not give way to anguish; not a step has yet been taken in the business, and, as it occasions you such painful sensations, we will say no more about the matter."

Marie never touched farther upon the subject. Antonia, however, who could not get rid of the idea, returned into society, where she saw Constance upon the arm of her beloved, and herself deserted by her former adorers. She took her seat

accidentally by the side of an old lady, who had passed in her youth, for the first beauty at court; a woman who was endowed with a good understanding, had received an excellent education, and was now leading a miserable life. She related this in confidence to her neighbour herself.—"My dear, said she," our sex is very unhappy. Man gains, as his years increase, greater merit and respect; poor womankind loses every thing, together with her outward charms, and therefore, I frequently wish I were carried back to those fabulous times in which good fairies made beauty and youth imperishable gifts." "You might then have taken advantage of these qualities, thought Antonia to herself; and Marie's proposal assumed thereby a favorable aspect. The indifference with which Marie appeared to treat the subject, was the occasion of Antonia brooding over it the more. She sat one day, thus immersed in thought, when Marie entered, and asked her, if she had heard that Count Stanislaus had made his betrothment to Constance publicly known.

"Why do you come to me," asked Antonia, "with such intelligence; why do you not rather remind me of the other subject?"

"I thought," replied Marie, "that you gave it no further consideration, and it was my wish to avoid bringing to your recollection any thing which may be obnoxious to your feelings."

Thus the matter was again brought upon the tapis. It was now agreed upon, that Antonia should represent herself as unwell the following day, and go to bed early; slip out with Marie, at the back gate of the palace, and both of them were to make the best of their way to the old sorceress in a sledge, which Ezekiel was to have in readiness for them.

All this was carried into execution. Zarowka received her with a friendly welcome, and promised to summon the spirits for the occasion of making a solemn offering, at which Antonia had nothing farther to do, than to hand over to the spirits a parchment, to be filled up by Zarowka. In all other matters, Antonia was to act according to Zarowka's instruction. Antonia enquired whether the preparations were alarming. Upon being assured that she would only have an interview with the beautiful and well proportioned deities of the Greeks and Romans, and make a covenant with them, every thing was approved of, after a few shudders, which Marie ridiculed, as arising from an irresolute state of mind. "Antonia is not yet accustomed to travel in our way," said Zarowka, "and therefore I would wish to transport her, whilst asleep, to the proper place." She touched Antonia's forehead with a little wand; and when the latter awoke, she found herself in a wood upon a crossway, by the side of a little altar, from which a flame issued. Marie, Zarowka,

and Ezekiel, were standing by her in sumptuous oriental attire. First a lamb and a dove, and then a black ram, and a raven, were offered up as sacrifices. The blood was carefully preserved. Marie then laid hold of Antonia's hand; made a small incision in it with the offering knife; let a few drops of her blood fall into the bowl; cut a lock of her hair off, and threw it into the flame. Antonia trembled. At that moment a grand music resounded; and the deities of Greece and Rome, in far more charming shapes than either the pencils or chisels of the greatest artists could have represented them, came forward. All of them appeared to tarry a few moments, and refresh their senses with the fragrant odour which was produced by Antonia, so often as a form appeared, spouting something liquid into the flame, and throwing into it a handful of frankincense. At last appeared a superb triumphant chariot, upon which sat a man of dignified aspect, surrounded by a number of spirits. All that were present prostrated themselves upon the ground; and at their nod, Antonia, who held out the parchment did the same. A genie took this out of her hand and gave it to the man upon the chariot. "You wish," said the latter to Antonia, throwing a look upon the parchment, "to be consecrated a priestess of the Gods, and made acquainted with the secrets of former ages?"

Antonia affirmed, she did.

"You are sureties for her," he asked again.

"We are sureties," cried Marie, Zarowka, and Ezekiel, steeping their fingers in the blood of sacrifice, and laying them upon Antonia's forehead.

"So I take thee," said the spirit, "for thirty years into my covenant, and mark thee with the signs of the same." He laid a finger upon Antonia's shoulder. She felt a pain which pierced every nerve, but which quickly left her. Two genies flitted by, who put a costly ancient garment upon Antonia, gave her a wand in her hand, and bound a fillet round her brow.

One of the spirits asked her:

"In what form shall I henceforth appear?"

"Assume," replied Antonia, that of a parrot."

"I will," said the genie, "fulfil thy commands, as often as thou beckonest to me, three times with the wand in thy hand.—

"And ye three," said the man upon the chariot, "gradually inaugurate the new priestess into the secrets of former ages."

The music resounded again; and the triumphant chariot disappeared.

"We now salute thee as our sister," said Marie and Zarowka to Antonia, and they folded her in their arms!

(Concluded in our next No.)

## POETRY.

*For the Gazette and Athenæum.*

### TO A LAND BIRD,

FLYING AROUND OUR SHIP AT SEA.

Come, little bird, rest on the shrouds,  
And perch contented there,  
For the wind is strong, and the clouds  
Are thick'ning every where.

Come, as the dove with weary wing  
Of old re-sought the ark  
Altho' no olive branch you bring  
Thou'rt welcome to our bark.

We're many hundred miles from shore,  
Thou'st had a weary flight;  
Around the angry billows roar,  
Above, 'tis black as night.

Why did'st thou leave the green clad wood,  
The pleasant hill and dale,  
Hop'st thou beyond the sea, that food  
And mates, will never fail?

Hope's sea is broad, is rough, and deep,  
Cape fly-away, its coast:  
It lulls us to delusive sleep,  
We wake, and—we are lost.

Then little bird, come to the shrouds,  
And perch contented there,  
For the wind is strong, and the clouds  
Are thick'ning every where.

JULIAN.

### THE SLAVE-SHIP.

No surge was on the sea,  
No cloud was on the day,  
When the ship spread her white wings  
Like a sea-bird on her way.

Ocean lay bright before,  
The shore lay green behind,  
And a breath of spice and balm  
Came on the landward wind.

There rose a curse and wail,  
As that vessel left the shore;  
And last looks sought their native land,  
Which should dwell there no more!

Who, seeing the fair ship  
That swept through the bright waves,  
Would dream that tyrants trod her deck,  
And that her freight was slaves?

By day was heard the lash,  
By night the heavy groan;  
For the slave's blood was on the chain  
That festered to the bone!

Was one in that dark ship,  
A prince in his own land;  
He scorned the chain, he scorned the threat—  
He scorned his fetter'd hand.

He called upon his tribe,  
And said they might be free!  
And his brow was cold and stern,  
As he pointed to the sea.

Next night a sullen sound  
Was heard amid the wave!  
The tyrants sought their captives,—  
They only found their grave.

BY T. C. SMITH.

Think not, beloved! time can break  
The spell around us cast;  
Or absence from my bosom take  
The memory of the past:  
My love is not that silvery mist,  
From summer blooms by sunbeams kissed,  
Too fugitive to last—  
A fadeless flower, it still retains  
The brightness of its early stains.

Nor burns it like the raging fire,  
In tainted breast which glows;  
All wild and thorny as the briar,  
Without its opening rose;  
A gentler, holier, love is mine,  
Unchangeable and firm, while thine  
Is pure as mountain snows;  
Nor yet has passion dared to breathe  
A spell o'er Love's immortal wreath.

And now, when grief has dimm'd thine eye,  
And sickness made thee pale;  
Think'st thou I could the mourner fly,  
And leave thee to the gale?  
Oh no!—may all those dreams depart,  
Hope sheds upon a youthful heart,  
If now my bosom fail;  
Or leave thee, when the storm comes on,  
To bear its turbulence alone.

The ivy round some lofty pile  
Its twining tendrils flings;  
Though fled from thence be Pleasure's smile,  
It yet the fonder clings:  
As lonelier still becomes the place,  
The warmer is its fond embrace,  
More firm its verdant rings:  
As if it lov'd its shade to rear,  
O'er one devoted to despair.

Thus shall my bosom cling to thine,  
Unchanged by gliding years;  
Through Fortune's rise, or her decline,  
In sunshine or in tears:  
And though between us oceans roll,  
And rocks divide us, still my soul  
Can feel no jealous fears,  
Confiding in a heart like thine,  
Love's uncontaminated shrine!

To me, though bathed in sorrow's dew,  
The dearer far art thou:  
I lov'd thee when thy woes were few,  
And can I alter now?  
That face, in joy's bright hour, was fair,  
More beautiful since grief is there,  
Though somewhat pale thy brow;  
And be it mine to soothe the pain  
Thus pressing on thy heart and brain.

Yes, love! my breast, at sorrow's call,  
Shall tremble like thine own:  
If from those eyes the tear-drops fall,  
They shall not fall alone.  
Our souls, like heaven's aerial bow,  
Blend every light within their glow,  
Of joy or sorrow known:  
And grief, divided with thy heart,  
Were sweeter far than joy apart.

FROM THE ITALIAN OF GUARINI.

Welcome to thee, thou lovely Spring!  
Earth's annual youth, so soon to fleet,  
Who in thy blooming train dost bring  
Fresh verdure, scenes renewed and sweet;  
And, if my heart again might rove,  
Another hope, another love.  
Sweet spring, upon whose lovely breast  
The rosy flowers all smiling lie,  
And on their mother's bosom rest  
Each blushing head and deep blue eye,  
Welcome thou art!—though not with thee  
Return the hours that wont to flee,



On wings of peace and happiness,  
In other days, when life was young,  
And youth's warm heart too lightly sprung  
To welcome joys that cease to bless  
The heart whose pulse is cold and slow,  
To what it was long years ago!

Yes!—thou returnest pure and sweet,  
Decked in the self-same blushing flowers,  
The same bright hues that wont to meet  
My gaze in youth's enraptured hours;  
But not with thee returns the bliss,  
That gave its charm to scenes like this;  
And whose long-loved remembrance seems  
Amid life's sorrows to remain,  
And fresh and bright to shed its beams,  
In mockery of the sense of pain,  
Recalling joys that long have fled,  
Hopes perished,—passions cold and dead!

In earlier days I saw thee come  
With hues as bright, the same pure bloom;  
Still on my head thy flowery wreath,  
Still on my lips thy scented breath,  
Seem pure and sweet, yet I no more  
May be what I have been before;  
No second spring for me may shed  
Its freshness on my withered head,  
Or bring, to crown my aching head,  
The hopes that I have seen depart:  
Yet still, alas! the same sweet scene  
Tells of the joys that once have been,  
And not the less the scene is fair,  
And not the less these hopes were dear!

Alas! alas!—and thus can fleet  
The love that seems so pure and sweet,  
As if its life of hope and joy  
No ills could blight, possession cloy!  
'Twere better, then, if life might fly  
Without one beam to wakeen love,  
The sleeping snake might harmless lie,  
Nor teach our hearts his sting to prove.  
'Twere better, having once been blest,  
To die, nor sicken o'er the rest  
Of life and love's satiety;  
To taste of beauty's rosy kiss,  
To drink her faint, fond, fluttering breath,  
And sink, from beauty's clasp of bliss,  
Into the silent arms of death,  
Before long years can thus dispel,  
The visions we once loved so well!  
We may not, o'er the waste of years,  
Look back on scenes that love endears,  
And dream of one whose memory still,  
When grief and sorrow cloud our way,  
Flings brightly through the shades of ill,  
The beams of youth's enchanting day,  
And joys, that, if their reign is o'er,  
Seem sweetest—when they come no more!

## GLORY.

Oh! say not that Glory is nought but a name  
Which Wisdom can smile at, and Virtue despise;  
Oh! say not that Glory, like lightning's red flame,  
Only shines o'er its victim to tell that he dies.

I ne'er will believe it; the thought would destroy  
The visions of bliss that have floated before me,  
When remembrance of Athens, of Rome, and of  
Troy,  
Like the bright clouds of evening, stole silently  
o'er me.

What rapture to dwell on the days that have fled,  
Embalm'd by the fame of the mighty of old—  
Embalm'd by the deeds of the heroes who bled  
For the rights of their country, the free and the bold—

Embalm'd by the poets whose numbers could throw  
The light of eternity over the dying,  
And brighten the eye that had glister'd in woe,  
Through the mists of the present the future de-  
rerying!

What rapture to grasp at the crown of the world,  
Through labour, and perils, and slaughter, and  
war—  
To see kings from the thrones of their ancestors  
hurl'd,  
And the flame of thy sceptre bright glancing  
afar!

Oh! then, rais'd aloft o'er the worms of the earth,  
Thy heart with the pride of dominion is glowing;  
Thou art more than a mortal in rank and in birth,  
The breezes of heaven around thee are blowing!

Then say not that Glory is nought but a name  
Which Wisdom can smile at, and Virtue despise;  
It may glitter around you, like lightning's red  
flame,  
But its light is a sunbeam which guides to the  
Skies!

## GAZETTE AND ATHENÆUM.

NEW-YORK, MAY 6, 1836

CHARLES BROCKDEN BROWN,  
AND HIS WORKS.

## NO. IX.

"Ohe, jam satis!" some of our readers may perhaps exclaim, on seeing Mr. Brown's name so often at the head of our Editorial Department. If so, all that we have to reply is, that "Monsieur Tonson will come again" but once more, and then our promise will be fulfilled. We would fain hope that we have not laboured altogether in vain, in the attempt to rescue from unmerited neglect the name and the works of a singularly gifted genius, whose sole literary fault and greatest literary misfortune is to have been born an American! If Charles Brockden Brown had been an Englishman and had published his novels in England, they would have been eagerly republished by American booksellers and eagerly sought after by American readers; and so all hail to the literary spirit and the literary glory of these free and independent United States!

CLARA HOWARD. Mr. Brown published "Clara Howard" in 1801; it was subsequently republished in England under the title of "Philip Stanley." It differs from Mr. Brown's previous works very widely, and speaking for ourselves we must say that we do not like it so well, although rigid criticism would undoubtedly give it the preference. It has much more regularity of plan, much greater probability of incident and a more full and satisfactory conclusion than the previous works of our author. The strife and struggling and storm of passion are less violent, and less appalling—there is none of the ma-

jestic madness of Wieland, the fearful anxiety of Edgar Huntley, the mysterious and imposing grandeur of Ormond, in the present work. The incidents arise from the excited and conflicting passions of upright and refined characters, destitute of the gloomy greatness of deep crime, and the strong interest of dazzling and high-minded errors. In depicting such characters Mr. Brown is not as successful as when he wanders through the dark and secret avenues of the human heart in search of its atrocities, or as when he enforces the truth that high virtue and pure honour if untrammelled by reason and heated by enthusiasm, may lead to the perpetration of folly and enormity. It is in doing this, that Mr. Brown puts forth the masterly hand of genius—it is in doing this, that he fascinates the attention and commands the will—it is in doing this that, he secures the imperishable fame to which he is so fairly entitled, and which neither spite, nor malignity, nor envy, nor the cold indifference of his countrymen can diminish or destroy.

With these general remarks on the difference between "Clara Howard" and the works previously noticed, we shall refrain from making any abstract of the story, which might weaken its interest with the reader, and we shall conclude this article with a reprint of one of Mr. Brown's letters to a gentleman of this city who stood high on the list of those warm and enlightened friends who justly appreciated the ingenuous character and sterling genius of Charles Brockden Brown.

TO ANTHONY BLEECKER, ESQ.

Philadelphia, October 31, 1801.

DEAR FRIEND,

I need not say with how much pleasure I read your letter from Morristown. I wish I could give you, in return, an effusion equally indicative of a lively fancy and a good heart, but the utmost that I can do, is to thank you for the favour, and entreat a repetition of such letters.

I suppose you have returned, by this time, to the parlours of Water-street, and are once more seated at your table, with the "Attorney's Vade Mecum" on one side, and the "Muses' Pocket Companion" on the other. I never yet saw you seated at this table, without some poetical or literary solace within your reach; some conductor to the flowery elysium of the poets, in the midst of the austere guides and crabbed implements of the law. In this respect, it is rare to meet with one that resembles

you; who retains the pure taste of a literary devotee, without disrelish and aversion for naked science and mere business.

Pray, how do you come on in your study of French? have you wound yourself into the vitals of the language, and are you familiarized to that labyrinth of exceptions and anomalies which gave you so much trouble when I was with you. A man must have the patience of more than one Job to untwist and unknot such a tangled maze. It was a task to which my perseverance never was equal; yet how many men are there whom the mere pride of the accomplishment has induced not only to acquire the reading of the language, but the ability to write it, and not only that of writing, but of talking it; and for this purpose, have devoted innumerable hours to books, whose whole merit lay in their being written, and to men whose sole commendation consisted in their speaking in French. I suspected you would fail in your pursuit from the unexpected obstacles with which you had to encounter. I suppose there is always, in every pursuit a point that may be termed the critical spot; a point where difficulties multiply, as it were, on a sudden, and where the patience or the penetration is put to the hardest test; and this being past, as ships pass a sand-bar in a river, you suddenly glide into still, deep water. Have you, my friend, passed the crisis?

Since you were here, C. has been here. I saw him for an hour, and heard many particulars of his newspaper scheme. I have not heard of the commencement of the publication. Can you tell me in what state it is? I should like to be put down as a subscriber for the *country* newspaper; will you do me the favour to tell him so?

I suppose you will be among the number of occasional contributors—sometimes as politician, and not seldom as a poet. C's republic, if I remember right, does not banish the poets. Even bad verses are pleasing to readers of bad taste; and though good verses are as rare in newspapers as swallows in winter, yet they sometimes are met with, and delight us in proportion to their rarity. Bad verses are no more disreputable to a newspaper, than bad English to a foreigner—because they are naturally expected; but poetry, very middling in a collection of elegant extracts, is super-excellent here, and surprises us, like just expressions from a chimney-sweeper.

I am anxious to know whether our friend J. is returned; but I shall ascertain it by writing to him by this opportunity. This goes by M. who is preparing to carry home with him a *wife*. How strangely that word sounds in relation to M. whom I have been so long accustomed to consider as the *single man*. That is a destiny which, I hope, will come to us all. I should be very sorry to be left farthest behind in the race towards the matrimonial goal: but

my sorrow will, I believe, unmixed with envy. There is no event, I think, if happening under tolerably auspicious circumstances, on which we may more reasonably congratulate our friends.

You see that, notwithstanding my expectations of a southward journey, I am still here. Here I expect to be during the winter, unless I should find or make occasion, for a week's jaunt to New York; which I sincerely hope to find or make. Meanwhile, believe me your affectionate

CHARLES B. BROWN.

*General Charles Lee.* When General Lee lived at Philadelphia, after his trial in 1779, he was in the habit of riding frequently on horseback. When he rode, he wore *sherry rallies* which were not quite as common then, as they have subsequently become.—Miss F—s, a Jewish lady, having observed the General with these accoutrements, remarked that “General Lee wore green breeches patched with leather.”—The remark, coming to the General's ears occasioned the following admirable *jeu d'esprit*.

*Philadelphia, Dec. 20th, 1779.*

MADAM,

When an officer of the respectable rank I bear is grossly traduced and calumniated, it is incumbent on him to clear up the affair to the world, with as little delay as possible. The spirit of defamation and calumny (I am sorry to say) is grown to a prodigious and intolerable height upon this continent. If you had accused me of a design to procrastinate the war, or of holding a treasonable correspondence with the enemy, I could have borne it; this I am used to; and this happened to the great Fabius Maximus. If you had accused me of getting drunk as often as I could get liquor, as two Alexanders the Great have been charged with this vice, I should, perhaps, have sat patient under the imputation; or, even if you had given the plainest hints, that I had stolen the soldiers' shirts, this I could have put up with, as the great Duke of Marlborough would have been an example; or if you had contented yourself with asserting, that I was so abominable a sloven as never to part with my shirt, until my shirt parted with me, the anecdotes of my illustrious namesake of Sweden would have administered some comfort to me. But the calumny you have, in the fertility of your malicious wit, chosen to invent, is of so new, so unprece-

dented, and so heilish a kind, as would make Job himself swear like a Virginia Colonel.

Is it possible that the celebrated Miss F—s, a lady who has had every human and divine advantage, who has read (or, at least, might have read) in the originals, the New and Old Testaments; (though I am afraid she too seldom looks even into translations;) I say, is it possible that Miss F—s, with every human and divine advantage, who might, and ought to have read these two good books, which (an old Welsh nurse, whose uncle was reckoned the best preacher in Merionethshire, assured me) enjoin charity, and denounce vengeance against slander and evil speaking; is it possible, I again repeat it, that Miss F—s should, in the face of the day, carry her malignity so far, in the presence of three most respectable personages; (one of the oldest religion in the world, one of the newest; for he is a new-light man; and the other, most probably, of no religion at all, as he is an English sailor;) but I demand it again and again, is it possible that Miss F—s should assert it, in presence of these respectable personages, “that I wore green breeches patched with leather.” To convict you, therefore, of the falsehood of this most diabolical slander; to put you to eternal silence (if you are not past all grace) and to cover you with a much larger patch of infamy than you have wantonly endeavoured to fix on my breeches, I have thought proper, by the advice of three very grave friends (lawyers and members of Congress, of course excellent judges in delicate points of honour) to send you the said breeches, and, with the consciousness of truth on my side, to submit them to the most severe inspection and scrutiny of you and all those who may have entered into this wicked cabal against my honour and reputation. I say, I dare you, and your whole junto, to your worst; turn them examine them, inside and outside, and if you find them to be green breeches patched with leather, and not actually legitimate *sherry rallies*, such as his majesty of Poland wears, (who, let me tell you, is a man that has made more fashions than all the knights of the Miscellanza put together, notwithstanding their beauties;) I repeat it (though I am almost out of breath with repetitions and parentheses) that if these



are proved to be patched green breeches, and not real legitimate sherry vallics (which a man of the first *bon ton* might be proud of) I will submit in silence to all the scurrility, which, no doubt, you and your abettors are prepared to pour out against me, in the public papers on this important and interesting occasion. But, madam! madam! reputation ("Common Sense," very sensibly, though not very uncommonly observes) is a serious thing.— You have already injured me in the tenderest part, and I demand satisfaction; and as you cannot be ignorant of the laws of duelling, having conversed with so many Irish officers, whose favourite topic it is, particularly in the company of ladies, I insist on the privilege of the injured party, which is, to name his hour and weapons; and as I intend it to be a very serious affair, will not admit of any seconds; and you may depend upon it, Miss F—, that whatever may be your spirit on the occasion, the world shall never accuse General L— with having turned his back upon you. In the mean time

I am, yours, &c.

CHARLES LEE.

Miss F—s, Philadelphia.

P. S. I have communicated the affair only to my confidential friend —, who has mentioned it to no more than seven members of Congress, and nineteen women, six of whom are old maids; so that there is no danger of its taking wind upon my side; and I hope you will be equally guarded on your part.

Miss F—s did not take this letter in good part, and spoke with some severity of Lee's incivility and rudeness. This drew from him the following handsome apology: Lee, with all his faults and singularities, was born and bred a gentleman, and was well qualified to sustain that character, whenever he chose to do so.

Philadelphia Jan. 22th, 1779.

MADAM,

Nothing has happened to me of late, that has given me more concern than the serious light in which I am told you are persuaded to consider the harmless jocular letter I wrote to you; I say, persuaded to consider; for, on the first receipt of it, when you were directed alone by your own excellent understanding, you conceived it as it was meant, an innocent *jeu d'esprit*.

I do not mean to compliment, when I assure you, upon my honour, that it was the good opinion I had of your understanding which encouraged me to indulge myself in this piece of raillery, which is, in effect, not the least directed against you, but against myself and some others; if it contains any satire, you are obviously the vehicle, not the object.

My acquaintance with you is too slender to take any liberties which border on familiarity; and I had been taught to believe that the liberality of your mind and disposition, would be pleased with any effort to make you laugh for a moment in these melancholy times. Upon the word of an honest man, if I had thought a single sentence of this trash could have given you uneasiness, I would sooner have put my hand into the fire than have written it. Thank God, I have not that petulant itch of scribbling, and vain ambition of passing for a wit, as to

Give virtue scandal, innocence a fear,  
Or from the soft-ey'd virgin steal a tear.

And, to speak my real thoughts, I am thoroughly persuaded, that you must suffer yourself to be biassed by people infinitely your inferiors in capacity; and if you really are offended by what nobody, who is not below mediocrity in understanding, can mistake for any thing but a harmless joke, founded on the good opinion of the person to whom it is addressed, I confess I have been much deceived in you. I must therefore, think, that by consulting yourself alone, you will consider it in its proper light, and believe me to be, with the greatest respect, madam, your most obedient, and very humble servant,

To CHARLES LEE.

Miss F—s, Philadelphia.

Mrs. Hemans. We have heard and with sincere pleasure, that it is in contemplation to publish a volume of this lady's poetry, in this country. Felicia Hemans is a splendid woman, and possesses more of the soul of poetry than any living woman, and more than any woman ever possessed, not excepting Sappho herself.— There is a spotlessness and a purity in her strain which can only flow from an eminently delicate and chaste heart: there is splendor in her imagination, energy in her passion, and harmony in her expression.— Her poetry has the essence of immortality.

To the Editor of the New-York Literary Gazette, and American Athenæum.

SIR,

Will you do me the favour of inserting in your paper, the following remarks made to me by Dr. Yates, who has lately established a Polytechny at Chittenengo, in Madison County, and which you made a favourable notice of in one of your previous numbers, and you will much oblige

AN ADMIRER OF THE SYSTEM.

The principal advantages expected as the result of this new course of education are, the improvement of an early period of life which is now almost entirely wasted, and the formation of intellectual habits, the value of which is known by literary men, more from the want than the possession of them. It is lamentable that the progress in useful knowledge which is made between the age of six and sixteen is so very small. All the information usually obtained in the course of ten years of education is usually conducted, may be acquired in less than one half of the time, the other half is therefore lost, and it is worse than lost, because habits of inattention and indolence are contracted, which are rarely corrected in subsequent life.

If the natural sciences of botany, mineralogy, and natural history, were introduced with our earliest instructions, a complete knowledge of these might be obtained before the age of sixteen, while the other branches of education would not be neglected.

The intellectual habits formed, by this course, are of the highest value, independent of the information obtained. By exciting an interest in every pebble and plant, which meets the eye of the pupil, you form the habit of minute and attentive observation, and by directing his attention to such subjects only as are within his comprehension, you teach him to read, observe and study, solely for the sake of information. It is to be expected that a youth thus educated when he arrives at the age of sixteen, will not suffer his eyes to travel over pages in succession, or sit for hours under the sound of lectures, without instruction—he will be dissatisfied until he comprehends his subjects.

#### MISCELLANEOUS.

Cards.—The following article from the Masonic Mirror, proves what we believe has never before been proved, that cards may teach a moral lesson:—pity 't is that gamblers could not study it.

A PACK OF CARDS TURNED INTO AN ALMANACK.

A certain nobleman living in the city of London, had a considerable deal of servants, among them having one in whom he reposed a great deal of confidence; one

of his fellow servants becoming jealous of him, went to make a complaint to his master, in order to get him turned out of his service; and all he could impeach him with, was, that he was a great gamester at cards.

At which the nobleman being highly displeased (for gamesters were a set of people that he mortally hated and detested) called him to account, in order to chastise him for the same.

*Jack*, says the nobleman, what's this I've heard of you?

I can't tell, please your lordship, says *Jack*, what is it?

Why, says the nobleman, I'm informed you are a great gamester at cards.

My lord, says *Jack*, who was it that informed you so? It is a false report, I wish I could know who told you.

'Tis no matter for that, says the nobleman, are you really a gamester, or not?

My lord, says *Jack*, I never play'd a card in my life, nor do I know even what a card means.

Well, said the nobleman, I'm glad of that on your account, however, we shall call the informer to the fore, 'till we know whether the report be true.

*J.* With all my heart, my lord, I am very well satisfied. The informer being called and come to the fore.

Did you not tell me, says the nobleman, that *Jack* was become a great gamester at cards?

*Informer.* I did, my lord, indeed.

*Nobleman.* Why then, you villain, how dare you belie any one to me?

*J.* I did not, my lord.

*N.* Why, *Jack* utterly denies it.

*I.* I don't care, my lord; I will prove it to his face; that he is one of the greatest gamesters in *London*; and to convince your lordship of the truth, search him and you'll find a pack of cards in his pocket. *Jack* being searched, the cards were haul'd out of his pocket.

The nobleman began to stamp and rage in a passion, saying, you audacious, impudent rogue, how dare you be guilty of such a falsehood before my face? did you not tell me, that you never play'd a card in your life, nor could tell what a card meant? and now I find them in your pocket, you villain; seeing you are guilty, what reason had you to deny it? Had you confessed your fault, I would be apt to forgive you, but now I will punish you with the utmost severity; not only because you are a gamester, but because you are a liar also.

*J.* My lord, your lordship may use your own pleasure, but, I hope, you will not condemn me for a fault that I am not guilty of.

*N.* You villain what stronger proof need there be than the cards being found in your pocket, how can you speak for yourself.

*J.* My lord, if you call these cards, I do not, neither do I use them as such.

*N.* Why what do you call them then?

*J.* My lord, this is my Almanack.

*N.* Your Almanack? you dog, did ever any one make an Almanack of a pack of cards, you villain, what could any one make of them?

*J.* My lord, I am no scholar, and for that reason I use them as an Almanack, to rule and govern the year by.

*N.* Well *Jack*, if so let me hear how you manage your cards, if I find you convert them to a proper use, I will not in the least be angry, but will freely forgive you.

*J.* Why then, my lord, consider in the first place, that there are four suits in the cards, that intimate the four quarters of the year; then as there are thirteen cards in every suit, that's just as many as there are weeks in a quarter; there are also as many lunations in a year as there are cards in a suit; there are twelve court cards, which intimate the twelve months of the year, and the twelve signs of the *Zodiac*, through which the Sun steers its diurnal course during the space of ten whole years; there are fifty-two cards in the pack, and that directly answer the exact number of weeks in the year; examine the cards a little further, and you will find as many spots in them as there are days in a year, there being three hundred and sixty-five spots in a pack of cards, which are exactly the number of days in a year, these I multiply by 24 and by 60 which brings me out the exact number of hours and minutes in a year.

*N.* Very well, *Jack*, I can't say but you apply your Almanack exceedingly well, but prithee, do you make any further use of your cards?

*J.* Yes my lord, I do, a great deal.

*N.* Why prithee, *Jack*, what further use do you make of them?

*J.* Why, my lord, sometimes I convert my cards into a Prayer-Book.

*N.* A Prayer-Book, you villain, I am sure if you make an Almanack of your cards, you can never make a Prayer-Book of them.

*J.* My lord, I'll make it appear; you know I told you I could neither read nor write, and for that reason these cards answer my purpose as well as any Prayer-Book in *England*.

*N.* Prithee *Jack*, let me hear it out; I like the beginning of it very well.

*J.* Why then my lord, when I look upon these four suits of the cards, they present to me the four principal Religions that are predominant in the world, viz: *Christianity*, *Judaism*, *Mahometanism*, and *Paganism*; when I look over the twelve court-cards, they remind me of the twelve *Patriarchs*, from whom proceeded the 12 tribes of *Israel*, the 12 Apostles, also the 12 Articles of the Christian Faith in which I am bound to believe. When I look upon the King, it reminds me of the allegiance due to his Majesty, when I look upon the

Queen, it puts me in mind of the Allegiance to her majesty, when I look upon the ten, it puts me in mind of the ten cities in the plains of *Sodom and Gomorrah*, destroyed with fire and brimstone from Heaven, the ten plagues of *Egypt*, wherewith God afflicted the *Egyptians*, when he brought the Children of *Israel* out of that Land, also the ten Commandments, and the ten Tribes of *Israel* which were cut off from their wickedness; when I look upon the nine it puts me in mind of the nine *Hierarchies*, the nine muses, and the nine noble orders amongst Men; when I look upon the Eight it reminds me of the Eight *Beatitudes*, the Eight *Altitudes*, the Persons saved in *Noah's Ark*, the Eight Persons mentioned in Scripture to be released from Death to Life; when I look upon the Seven, it puts me in mind of the Seven administering Spirits that stand before the throne of God; the seven Seals wherewith the Book of Life is Sealed, the seven Angels with the seven Vials filled with the Indignation of the Lord, wherewith they were to plague the Earth, as mentioned in the Apocalypse of *St. John*, the seven liberal Arts and Sciences given by God for the instruction of Man, the seven Wonders of the World, the seven Planets that rule the seven Days of the Week; the Six puts me in mind of the six Petitions contained in the Lord's Prayer, the six Days of the Week that I have to work for my Bread, and that I am appointed to keep the Seventh holy; the five puts me in mind of the Senses given by God to Man, viz. Hearing, Seeing, Feeling, Tasting, and Smelling; the Four puts me in mind of the four Evangelists, the four last things Death, Judgment, Heaven, and Hell; the three puts me in mind of the Trinity, in which are three distinct Persons Co-equal and Co-eternal; it also puts me in mind of the three Days that *Jonas* was in the Whale's belly, and the three Hours that our Saviour hung upon the Cross, the three Days that he lay interred in the Bowels of the Earth; the Two puts me in mind of the two Testaments, the Old and New, containing the Law and the Gospel, the two contrary Principles struggling in man, viz. Virtue and Vice, then my Lord when I look upon the Ace, it puts me in mind I have but one only God to adore, worship and serve, one Faith to believe, one Truth to practise, one Baptism to cleanse us from Original sin, and one only Master to serve and obey.

*N.* Very well, *Jack*, I can't say but you convert your cards to a very good use: But now I perceive there is one particular Card in the pack that you have not yet explained to me.

*J.* Which is that, my Lord?

*N.* *Jack*, when you were shuffling the Cards you passed from the Queen to the Ten, and laid by the Knave, doth that put you in mind of nothing?

*J.* That is right, my Lord, I had like to



forgot that, when I look upon the Knave it puts me in mind of your Lordship.

N. What, you villain, do you account me a Knave before my face?

J. No, my Lord, you misapprehend me; I mean your Lordship's informer.

N. If so, *Jack*, I freely forgive you, 'tis very well turned.

On which the Nobleman was so highly pleased with the ready turns of Wit and Humour which he found in *Jack*, that he preferred him to the highest place in his service, doubled his wages, and discharged the informer.

Mr. Custis of Arlington has a work in the press entitled "Recollections of Washington." We are anxious for its appearance—Mr. Custis is a man of genius and cultivation, and we have often wondered why a gentleman of his fine powers and large fortune should have devoted himself to retirement when he is so well qualified to shine in public life. The world has yet much to learn with respect to the private character and early history of Washington, and we do not fear but that the pen of Mr. Custis will do ample justice to the character of his illustrious relative. We subjoin an extract from this work.—*Ed. Lit. Gaz.*

Of the athletic prowess of the Chief in early life, we shall give some memorable examples. The following is not the least remarkable among them: The late COL. LEWIS WILLIS, of Frederickshburgh, was, of all the school-fellows of WASHINGTON, the most pre-eminent in the manly games which distinguished the youth of those days, possessing great muscular strength, combined with activity and superior skill in wrestling.

During the recess of the school hours, the young athletes formed a rural Gymnasium on the green, and Willis, excelling all his competitors demanded nobler foes. Meantime, the Chief, then in the lusty prime and vigour of his youth, had retired to the shade of a tree, and was profoundly engaged in the studies of the school, heedless of the sports which were passing so near him. Willis had often remarked his matchless figure and superior size, and deemed him a rival worthy of his grasp. The young Washington declined the combat, his mind being disposed to study and reflection. But when the victor of the games proudly trod the arena, calling on the student to come and share the fate of the vanquished, and taunting him with fear of discomfiture, the future theme of many a praise rose from his academic shade, and calmly entered the ring. The eyes of Willis danced in joy, as he beheld the noble form and gallant air of him, whom to conquer would be to add

unfading laurels to any victor's brow.—They spread wide their arms, and rushed into the manly embrace. The heart of the champion of Palestra beat high, with a hope inspired by the remembrance of a hundred previous triumphs. But when he felt the lion-like grasp of the Chief, that confidence began to waver; another moment and all was certainty, for he was hurled to the ground with a force which seemed to thrill through the very marrow of his bones. Loud shouts, long echoing through the neighbouring forest, proclaimed the victor's triumph.

Modest in victory, and panting from the toil, for Willis was twice the man that lives in these degenerate days, a noble foe, and one who long had borne the palm alone, the Victor Chief retired to his studies, observing—You have had a sample of my wrestling, I hope that I shall be disturbed no more. He was not disturbed as he reclined at his length in the shade, he seemed the young lion in repose, and no one was willing to rouse him again from his lair.

#### LETTER FROM DR. FRANKLIN TO MONS. DUBOURG.

Your observations on the causes of death, and the experiments which you propose for recalling to life those who appear to be killed by lightning, demonstrate equally your sagacity and humanity. It appears that the doctrine of life and death, in general, are yet but little understood.

A toad, buried in sand, will live it is said, until the sand becomes petrified; and then, being inclosed in the stone, it may still live for we know not how many ages. The facts which are cited in support of this opinion, are too numerous and too circumstantial, not to deserve a certain degree of credit. As we are accustomed to see all the animals, with which we are acquainted, eat and drink, it appears to us difficult to conceive, how a toad can be supported in such a dungeon: but if we reflect, that the necessity of nourishment which animals experience in their ordinary state, proceeds from the continual waste of their substance by perspiration, it will appear less incredible, that some animals, in a torpid state, perspiring less because they use no exercise, should have less need of aliment: and that others, which are covered with scales or shells, which stop perspiration, such as land and sea turtles, serpents, and some species of fish, should be able to subsist a considerable time without any nourishment whatever.—A plant, with its flowers, fades and dies immediately, if exposed to the air, without having its roots immersed in a humid soil, from which it may draw a sufficient quantity of moisture, to supply that which exhales from its substance and is carried off continually by the air. Perhaps, however, if it were buried in quicksilver it might

preserve, for a considerable space of time, its vegetable life, its smell, and colour. If this be the case, it might prove a commodious method of transporting from distant countries those delicate plants, which are unable to sustain the inclemency of the weather at sea, and which require particular care and attention.—I have seen an instance of common flies preserved in a manner somewhat similar. They had been drowned in Madeira wine, apparently about the time when it was bottled in Virginia, to be sent hither [to London.] At the opening of one of the bottles at the house of a friend where I was, three drowned flies fell into the first glass which was filled. Having heard it remarked, that drowned flies were capable of being revived by the rays of the sun, I proposed making the experiment upon these. They were, therefore, exposed to the sun upon a sieve, which had been employed to strain them out of the wine. In less than three hours, two of them began by degrees to recover life. They commenced by some convulsive motions in the thighs: and at length, they raised themselves upon their legs; wiped their eyes with their fore feet; beat and brushed their wings with their hind feet; and soon began to fly, finding themselves in old England, without knowing how they came hither. The third continued lifeless until sunset, when, losing all hopes of him, he was thrown away.

I wish it were possible, from this instance, to invent a method of embalming drowned persons in such a manner that they might be recalled to life at any period however distant: for having a very ardent desire to see and observe the state of America an hundred years hence, I should prefer to an ordinary death, the being immersed in a cask of Madeira wine, with a few friends, until that time, then to be recalled to life, by the solar warmth of my dear country! but since in all probability we live in an age too early and too near the infancy of science, to hope to see such an art brought in our time to its perfection, I must for the present content myself with the treat, which you are so kind as to promise me, of the resurrection of a fowl or turkey cock.

B. FRANKLIN.

#### A SKETCH OF EGYPTIAN LEARNING.

Amasis king of Egypt, was reputed one of the most learned men in the country; and, from his love of science, had shown particular marks of favour to Thales of Miletus, who visited Egypt during his reign. Between this prince and the contemporary king of Ethiopia there subsisted an emulation of a very extraordinary kind, which was maintained by alternately propounding, to each other, questions of difficult solution. The king of Egypt demanded to know of his antagonist, "What is oldest of all things? What fairest? What wisest? What most common? What

most profitable? What most hurtful? What most powerful? What most easy?"—The answers of the *Æthiopian* were these: "The oldest of things, is Time. The fairest, Light. The wisest, Truth. The most common, Death. The most profitable, God. The most hurtful, the Devil. The most powerful, Fortune. The most easy, that which pleaseth."

These questions seemed of so great importance to Amasis, that he sent Niloxenus into Greece, to consult the wise men on the subject.

Thales, on reading the above mentioned solutions of the great *Æthiopian*, asked whether Amasis had approved of them? Niloxenus answered, that with some he was satisfied, and with others not. "And yet replied Thales, there is not one of them but is erroneous, and betrays ignorance."

In so great esteem were such enigmatical questions held by those two kings, that they even ventured to stake whole districts of their dominions on the solution of them.

In one of those disputes, the king of Egypt, finding himself unable to maintain the contest by the assistance of his own subjects, had recourse to Bias, the wise-man of Priene, to whom he sent the following letter, by Niloxenus.

"Amasis, king of Egypt, saith thus to Bias, the wisest of the Greeks. The king of Ethiopia contendeth with me for pre-eminence in wisdom. Mastered in other things, he has at length made a very strange demand, which is no less than that I shall drink up the sea. This proposition if I resolve, I shall obtain many of his towns and cities; but if otherwise, I must lose all those which are about Elephantina. Consider of it, and send Niloxenus back with all speed. Whatever I can do for your friends and country, shall not be wanting."

When Bias received this letter, he was at Corinth, in company with the rest of the wise men, who had been invited thither by Periander. He had no sooner perused it than he whispered to Cleobulus, who happened to sit next him, and then addressing himself to Niloxenus, "What! said he, Amasis, who commands so many men, and possesses so excellent a country, will he, for a few obscure villages, drink up the sea?" "But if he was desirous of doing so, answered Niloxenus, smiling; consider Bias, how might he be able to accomplish it?" "Bid the *Æthiopian*, replied Bias, withhold the rivers from running into the sea, until Amasis shall have drunk that which is now sea. For the requisition concerns that only which is such at present, not what shall be hereafter." On receiving this answer, Niloxenus embraced him with joy; and the rest of the wise men applauded the solution.

*Good manners* is the art of making people easy with whom we converse.

It has been asked whether we are in the dotage, or the infancy of science. A question that involves its own answer: not in the infancy, because we have learnt much; not in the dotage, because we have much to learn. The fact is, we are in a highly progressive state of improvement; and it is astonishing, in how geometrical a ratio the march of knowledge proceeds. Each new discovery affords fresh light to guide us to the exploration of another, until all the dark corners of our ignorance are visited by the rays. Things apparently obscure, have ultimately illustrated even those that are obvious: thus the alchymist, in his very failures, has enlightened the chymist; and the visionary astrologer, though constantly false in his prophecies, as to those little events going on upon the earth, has enabled the astronomer truly to predict those great events that are taking place in the heavens. Thus it is that one experiment diffuses its sparks for the examination of a second, each assisting each, and all the whole. Discussion and investigation are gradually accomplishing that for the intellectual light, which refraction and reflection have ever done for the solar; and it is now neither hopeless nor extravagant to anticipate that glorious era, when truth herself shall have climbed the zenith of her meridian, and shall refresh the nations with her "*day spring from on high*."

*Literary Property in France.*—The king of France has appointed a commission to digest and settle a law for the full protection of literary property. The commission is composed of individuals of distinguished names. A long *project* of a law, divided into twenty distinct heads, has been submitted to their consideration; which after it has been fully discussed, will be formed into the four following chapters: On the literary property of works in general; on the property of dramatic works; on the property of works of art; and on the property of musical compositions.

Genius, Taste, and Skill, in the poetic art, are requisite for every work of considerable length. *Genius* is the gift of nature; but in every person runs in a particular vein, and if possessed in a high degree, will enable its owner, of itself, to reach excellence in his own original manner, but no farther. A correct and general *Taste* can be acquired only by the perusal of the best authors. *Skill* in the art can only be attained by practice.—Many more writers fail and are forgotten for their want of taste and skill, than from original deficiency of genius; and many have attained high celebrity principally by their aid, to whom nature had been rather penurious in the gifts of a poetical imagination.

Some men will admit of only two sorts of excellence, that which they can equal, and what they term a still higher, that which they can surpass; as to those efforts that beat them, they would deny the existence of such, rather than acknowledge their own defeat. They are dazzled by the rays of genius, and provoked at their inability to arrive at it; therefore, like those idolators that live too far from the temple, they form and fashion out a little leaden image of their own, before which they fall down, and worship.

Cæsar was famous, as a general, for his judgement in the choice of places of encampment, and so was Agricola, who has left proof of his talents in this respect in Britain. It is said by Tacitus, that not one of Agricola's fortified posts was taken by storm, or abandoned as indefensible, so great was his skill in castrametation. (Tacitus, Vita Agric. sec. 22.)

He that threatens us, not having the power to harm us, would perhaps do so if he could; but he that threatens, having the power, is not much to be feared. A man in a paroxysm of passion, may exclaim, I would stab you if I had a sword, and perhaps he would be as good as his word; but he that has a sword, will either use it without threatening, or threaten without using it.

*Monasteries.*—A Turkish ambassador asked Lorenzo de Medicis, "Why there were not as many fools and idiots seen at Florence as at Cairo." Lorenzo, pointing to a *monastery*, replied "We shut them up in such places as those."

The greatest inventions were produced in times of ignorance,—the use of the Compass, Gunpowder, and Printing—by the Germans.

Pride, ill nature, and want of sense are the three great sources of ill manners; without some one of these defects no man will behave himself ill for want of experience; or of what, in the language of fools, is called knowing the world.—*Swift*.

*Swearers.*—It was the saying of a great man, that common swearers gave their souls to the devil gratis.

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